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TOM QUICK:

OR THE

ERA OF FRONTIER SETTLEMENT.

NOTES AND SUPPLEMENTARY FACTS

SUGGESTED BY THE

"LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE,"

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,

HON. WILLIAM BROSS,
Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, 1865-69.

WITH A GENERAL REVIEW OF THE VOLUME,

—BY—

REV. ABRAHAM S. GARDINER, A. M.,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Milford, Pike County, Pa.

"POSTERITY DELIGHTS IN DETAILS."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

CHICAGO:
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TO

HON. WILLIAM BROSS,

HONORED IN BOTH CHURCH AND STATE,

OF UNSWERVING INTEGRITY,

OF EXALTED PATRIOTISM,

THE GENEROUS PATRON OF LETTERS,

THE CONSISTENT FRIEND OF RELIGION,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF AFFECTION AND HIGH REGARD,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

"LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE."

SUCH is the title of a volume recently published in Chicago. Its author is Hon. William Bross, Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, 1865-69.

The title of the book instantly awakens the interest of all dwellers upon either bank of the Upper Delaware. The traditions which have come down from the Colonial days, the Indian wars, and the Revolution, are in every home.

The author of the book was born and reared in this beautiful valley. His life embraces a period of seventy-five years. This carries him back to within twenty years of the death of the hero of the story. And as during the impressible time of childhood he dwelt amid the scenes of not a few of the events which he describes, and listened again and again to the narratives given of Indian raids, and the exploits of Tom Quick, he in his riper years recalls the stories with as great ease and vividness as though they had been related to him but yesterday.

This familiar knowledge enables him to weave into his story incidents of pioneer life, descriptions of scenery uniquely picturesque, and to present, in a connected

whole, broken and scattered fragments of history and tradition, which, neglected altogether or left to the bald recital of naked facts, would speedily vanish amid the shadows of receding years.

The history of these incidents, as hitherto presented, has been like the bones of a skeleton, unromantic and repulsive. That they may take their proper place in history, and leave a just impression upon the mind of the reader, they should be narrated with the circumstances in the midst of which they took place, and the motives which prompted them. The presentation of these goes far towards not only divesting the fearful scenes described of some of their most appalling features, but even of investing them with a dignity and heroism which the bare facts themselves would fail to reveal.

This is especially true of the parties brought to the reader's attention in the "Legend of the Delaware."

The Indians therein described are commonly called the "Delawares." The name by which they were known among themselves, and by the surrounding tribes, was the "Lenni Lenape." This name signifies, "The Original People." They assumed this name to keep in mind the tradition, or the fact, that they were the first human beings ever created; and also on the ground of their antiquity to challenge superiority over all other tribes. They claimed to have come from the sunset sea, or the shores of the Pacific, and to have followed the course which

their prophets assured them would lead to a fairer land in the distant East. That as they descended the valley of the Mamoisi-Siper, or Mississippi, the Father of Waters, they found it already occupied by another race of Indians, called the Mengwe, or Iroquois. These seemed disposed to move on to the eastward also, and so they journeyed in company, two great nations, without enmity and without alliance. Having crossed the Mississippi, and continuing their line of march, they encountered in what is now the valley of the Ohio another people, more numerous and powerful than themselves, single or combined. These are represented as having fortified towns and strongholds; and the tradition is favored by some, who identify the Allegwi, for that was their name, with the Mound-builders, whose works are still traceable in well-defined lines of intelligent engineering, and whose posts of observation may still be discerned along a chain of bluffs on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries, from Pittsburg to New Orleans. The Allegwi attempted to arrest the progress of the strange people, and well-nigh accomplished their purpose; but the combined and desperate resistance of the Mengwe and Lenape not only rendered the attempt fruitless, but almost brought about the extermination of their opposers.

Having encamped and tarried awhile in the country which they had thus overrun, they resumed their migration, until the Lenape, bearing southward, found

themselves on the banks of the beautiful Delaware, and the Mengwe, or Iroquois, bearing northward, stood upon the hills, mountains, and palisades, of the majestic Hudson.

Such was the tradition current among these tribes at the discovery and settlement of the country by Europeans.

Assuming that this tradition is based in fact, it finds a striking parallel, but on a still grander scale, in the mighty movements of the vast populations of Central Asia and Northern Europe, when the Huns, Goths, Vandals, swept southward, and the Tartars westward, and threatened to engulf or obliterate every trace of Grecian, Roman, and even Carthaginian civilization. The movements of the rude nations of Central Europe, at an earlier period, disclose the same restless, migratory spirit. Their onward march even then threatened the safety of the Roman Empire. It was arrested by Roman legions under the command of Julius Cæsar. The character of that movement, and the methods which for a time gave it an effectual check, are graphically presented in "Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic Wars."

The motives which prompted the Indians of the Delaware, the descendants of the Lenni Lenape, on the one hand, and Tom Quick on the other, to the deeds of violence and blood, which they committed, were based, as we shall show, in the same general principles. Both had been victims of cruel wrong. Both were resolved upon revenge.

The spirit in which the whites had been received by the Indians from the landing of the Pilgrims, and the still earlier settlement at Jamestown, and also from the time, 1609, when Hendrick Hudson discovered the river which bears his name, had been one of reverence and friendship.

When the Pilgrims had effected a settlement at Plymouth, an Indian named Sassacus, appeared amongst them. His first salutation was, "Welcome, Englishmen!" And when Hudson cast anchor just above the Highlands, we are told in his report of his adventures, that he there met the Lenni Lenape, or as they were afterwards called, the Delawares. In their astonishment at the strange white-faced men, in dress, bearing, and speech, different from their own, who had come in winged canoes to their shores, the Indians, full of simple sublimity and lofty poetry, called out one to another, "Behold! the Gods are come to visit us!" They at first considered these hitherto unknown beings as messengers of peace sent to them from the abode of the Great Spirit, and they welcomed and honored them with sacrificial feasts and with gifts. Their wonder reminds us of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, when the people exclaimed: "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men!" And when "the priest of Jupiter which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates and would have done sacrifice with the people."

That the Indians were disposed to receive the strangers

in a friendly spirit is shown in the account which Hudson presents further in the narrative of his voyage. "Above the Highlands," he says, "we found a very loving people, and very old men, and were well used." The Indians who thus kindly treated him were the Lenape; the same who, afterwards, having invited the Mohicans of Connecticut to join them, gave the Dutch a cordial welcome to the Island of Manhattan.

It was these Indians, or their descendants, that lived in the Valley of the Delaware when, about the year 1733, Thomas Quick, the father of the hero of the "Legend," built his log house and took up his residence amongst them.

The log house was built in what is now the village of Milford, Pike Co., Pa., on the west side of what is known as the Van De Mark creek, and about twenty rods northwest of the present Broad Street bridge. Quick also built a saw-mill on the stream, and a grist-mill on the west side of it. The log house and the mills stood near together. Less than fifty years ago the sills and other timbers of the mills remained undisturbed.

Quick thus met with no unfriendly reception. He had come considerably in advance of other settlers, and on an independent line. He no doubt based his claim to the privilege of settlement upon the right of discovery assumed by Dutch, French and English alike. By this assumption the rights of the Indians to their ancient grounds were virtually extinguished. The country had

not been reduced by conquest. This alleged right by discovery seemed, however, sometimes to be compromised by such dealings with the natives as those which were had by William Penn. The rights of the natives in the valley of the Upper Delaware were specially recognized in what was called, "The Walking Purchase." It was the occasional acknowledgment of these rights, and the frequent, special, and flagrant violation of them, which awakened in the minds of the Indians apprehension and hostility. In this part of the valley these feelings were further greatly intensified by the deception practiced upon them by the whites, in the purchase of their furs and game, and especially of their lands. The Indians claimed that under the temptations of the settlers they became stupefied with drink, and when in that condition they were led to sell their furs, game, and lands, at half their value. Especially was this true as to the sale and occupation, in 1736, of the territory knows as "The Walking Purchase." According to the best historical testimony which has yet appeared, this transaction was, on the part of the whites, "overreaching" to the last degree. Instead of giving their agents directions to walk at the usual gait over the territory — for the land to be conveyed by the Indians was to be as much as a man could walk through in a day — the whites selected their swiftest runners, men of great endurance, and told them to stop for neither food nor rest, and to run from dawn to dark. Thus eighty-six

miles were traversed in a straight line in a single day.

The tract thereby taken from the Indians, and appropriated by the whites, embraced a vast territory, beginning at what were known as the "Endless Hills," on the east side of the Susquehanna River, running thence north to the Delaware at Lechawachsein, or Lackawaxen; thence down the Delaware, and around to the place of beginning. Within this tract lay what are now known as Wayne and Pike counties, and of course all the natives within these boundaries became subject to the conditions of the alleged treaty. Lands herein were no longer the property of the Lenapes. The Six Nations, their rival and more powerful neighbors, had sold them out to the whites; and now, in the exercise of unlawful but resistless power, these tribes commanded them to withdraw instantly, entirely, and forever from the lands which had been thus, without their consent, conveyed to strangers.

The emotions of the Lenapes at this juncture were a mixture of humiliation, pathos, resistance, and revenge. They were humbled by reason of the ascendancy and treachery of the Mengwe, or Iroquois, their ancient allies, and of the other Indians who made up the Six Nations; their pathetic feelings were deeply moved at the thought of leaving their birth-place, their familiar hunting grounds, and the graves of their fathers; they were prompted to resistance by the hope of retrieving what had thus been lost; and to revenge, when all

power of recovery and resistance was hopelessly gone.

In the "Documentary History of New York," Sir William Johnson refers to the following extract from "the examination of one John Morris, of Lancaster county, Pa., who had made his escape from the Delawares, by whom he had been captured; sworn before him, 27th August, 1757: 'The examinant says he often heard the Delawares say that the reason of their quarreling with and killing the English, in that part of the country, was on account of their lands, which the people of Pennsylvania Government cheated them out of, and because they drove them from their settlement at Shamokin, by crowding upon them, and by that means, spoiling their hunting; and that the people of Minisink used to make the Indians always drunk whenever they traded with them, and then cheated them out of their furs and skins; also wronged them with regard to their lands. This he has heard from many of the chiefs and oldest men, both in the English and Delaware language, which he sufficiently understands.'"

Smarting under the wrongs which they claimed had been thus done them, they forgot the ties of friendship and good neighborhood, wherever these existed, and included every man, woman, and child, among the settlers, in the number of those whom, in self-defence or revenge, they were bound to destroy.

Hence, Thomas Quick and his hospitable family formed no exception, although they and the Indians

had always been on most friendly terms. The Quicks, and the settlers near them, were not unaware of the dissatisfaction felt by the Indians, as above described, yet they took no special precaution to guard themselves against possible danger. Their confidence proved fatal.

Quick and his wife were the first white settlers of Milford. Here, in 1734, their eldest son, Thomas, the hero of the "Legend," was born, and here other children, two sons and two daughters, had followed. It is indeed alleged that Thomas Quick had only two children, Tom, and a son named James, who died at three years of age. The authorities are conflicting; we follow that which seems to have been generally received. During these peaceful years Quick had gathered around him the comforts of a home. He had taken up what land he needed, and it had yielded promptly to his cultivation. His children had grown to maturity. One of his daughters had married. But his wife had died, as also the little boy of whom we have spoken. The scattered and quiet homes of the settlers now extended up the Valley as far Cochecton. But this peaceful scene is soon to change. While Quick and his family did not suspect immediate danger from the Indians, yet during the years 1756-7 they spent at least a part of their time in the stone house or fort nearly opposite but some distance north of the mouth of the Van De Mark, on the Jersey shore. That stone house is still standing. It was at that time manned

by about fifteen or twenty of the Jersey militia, made up from the settlers of the immediate neighborhood. On one winter's afternoon, Quick and his sons started out and crossed the frozen river, to grind a grist at their mill on the Van De Mark. This creek runs along the northern and eastern boundary of the present borough of Milford, and empties into the Delaware. On their return the following morning, they descended the river bank at Milford Eddy. This point is within a stone's throw of the early home of the author of the "Legend," on the bluff at the east side of the Van De Mark at its mouth. Quick and his sons, with their grist, were out a little distance on the ice, when the Indians, once their neighbors and personal friends, now their foes, and the foes of all who they believed had robbed them of their lands, lying in ambush in the woods which crowned the banks of the river, suddenly opened fire. Quick fell, mortally wounded. His sons, Tom, James and Cornelius, and his son-in-law, who had not been struck, endeavored in hot haste to bear their wounded father away. But he was faint from the shock and from loss of blood, and feeling the impossibility of escape for himself, urged his sons to fly for their lives, and to leave him to his fate. "I am a dead man!" he exclaimed, "I can go no further, leave me and run for your lives!" This they did with unspeakable reluctance. The Indians fired upon them as they fled. But the fugitives running in a zig-zag course, baffled the aims of their foes, and speeding their way

over the frozen Delaware, found safety on the opposite shore. Pausing presently in their course, they listened. The war-whoop and exultant shouts of the Indians resounded in the distance, indicating too plainly that they were engaged in bloody orgies over their helpless and expiring victim. It appears from accounts given at a later period that the unfortunate Quick was scalped, and that by the hand of Muskwink or Modeline, who acted as chief, and who as a boy had been partly raised in Quick's hospitable home, that he was subjected to terrible torture, and then watched with savage delight by his infuriated tormenters, until death came to his relief.

The noise of the Indian rifles alarmed the occupants of the stone fort. They came rushing out, and hastened down to the river only in time to see the tragedy enacted on the other side, and to see Tom and his brothers running with great speed towards them. The sad tale was quickly told. Not knowing the number of the Indians that might be in the neighborhood, the settlers did not venture to the rescue of their unfortunate friend. Mrs. John T. Quick, who is still living at the age of eighty-nine, and who resides with her son on the road from Milford to Port Jervis, remembers distinctly hearing, when a little girl of nine years, her grandfather, Daniel Van Gorden, say that he was one of the militia present, and that when Tom Quick reached the Jersey shore he cried, and hollowed, and screamed, and tore his hair by handfuls out of his head, and threw it on the ground. In his frenzy he

swore that he would never make peace with the Indians while God let him live. Mr. Van Gorden said there was not a soldier there but shed tears.

It was this sad event that fired the heart of the bereaved and frantic son. Tom was transformed. He was from that time forward known as the "Indian Slayer;" or as he called himself, the "Avenger of the Delaware." Rough in his manners, having been accustomed from infancy as much to Indian as to civilized life, he had a heart which beat with the warmest affection towards all his kindred, and especially his father. The spot where his father fell beneath the ball and the scalping-knife of the Indians, was a Carthaginian altar to him. Hamilcar brought his son Hannibal to the altar of the gods, that he might there swear eternal enmity to Rome. Tom Quick's consecration to the destruction of the race whose warriors had wrought the death of his father, lacked, indeed, the forms of religious rites, but possessed the substance. And no more steadily on a wider field did the son of Hamilcar follow out the pledges of his youth, than did Tom Quick press on to the fulfillment of his vow of vengeance, thinking, as he did, "that the blood of the whole Indian race was not sufficient to atone for the blood of his father." "His oath was not violated. He lived to see the day when he could traverse the river from one end to the other without encountering a red man."

Thus we see that the course pursued by both sides,

as brought to view in the "Legend of the Delaware," originated in the deepest feelings of the human heart, and was but a repetition of human history from the beginning of time.

Tom Quick was an uncle of the grandmother of Governor Bross, the author of the volume. The little maiden who was captured with him by the Indians, and who with him escaped from their power, as described in the "Legend," was "Maggie," or Margaret, Quick, a daughter of Tom's brother James. The story of their escape is the thread on which the numerous incidents of Tom's eventful life are presented to the reader. Their capture near the Water-Gap, their journey into the wilderness, their escape, and their winding course, and that of companions who joined them on the way, till they reached home again, afford frequent occasion to describe the matchless scenery through which they passed, and to give full play to the author's appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature.

The volume also gives the author a, no doubt, long-coveted opportunity of redeeming his noted relative from the charge of simple savageism, and to show that his deeds of daring and blood were not prompted by a nature dead from the beginning to all the finer feelings of the heart. The Indian finds, as he should do, on natural principles of simple justice, many apologists for his crimes. Tom Quick deserves the same. He, like the Indians, had a warm heart; and neither the Indians

nor he, without the grossest provocations, would have done each other harm.

Tom's father literally kept open house for the Indians. He even partly raised not only Mushwink, or Modeline, as we have said, but also several other Indian boys. Tom grew up among them, like one of their own children. "He learned to speak the Indian tongue with as much ease and fluency as the Indians themselves. He was taught by them how to take the otter, the beaver, the muskrat, the mink, etc., and by the time he had become of suitable age, he was a skilful and expert hunter. He imbibed, at an early age, a liking for savage life, and became attached to the woods and the pleasures of the chase to such a degree, that he could never, in after life, be induced to follow, except temporarily, any calling beside that of a hunter and trapper."

But, as we said before, Tom Quick was now transformed. He took to himself the title of the "Avenger of the Delaware." He who had hitherto been a friend of both white and Indian, now carried within him a double spirit. Having no sentiment but that of friendship for the settlers and love for his kindred, he had intense hatred and loathing towards the Indians.

Cato, on a broader field, in the presence of the Roman Senate, and with comparatively little provocation, was accustomed to close his speeches with the exclamation, "Delenda est Carthago!" "let Carthage be destroyed!" Those who heard him, applauded, and his

name appears high in history as a Roman patriot. The appeal of Cato was prompted by jealousy of the rising and rival power of Carthage. "Let the Indians be destroyed!" was the sentiment of Tom Quick. Between the two, as regards provocation, Tom Quick stands upon the higher ground.

The "Legend of the Delaware" presents as many of he traditional incidents of Tom Quick's life as was consistent with the design of the story. The author gently draws a veil over the darkest deeds of the "Avenger," as he does likewise over the desperate, wholesale slaughter and desolation wrought by murderous Indians, stung to madness by the consciousness of their wrongs.

That the Indian had reason to love the land he was forced to leave, is clearly shown in the graphic description which the author of the "Legend" gives of the region where these dreadful events took place. His descriptions are not the product of mere fancy — they are true to life. And well they may be; for the author was in childhood and youth as familiar with them as Tom Quick himself. As we read the pages of the "Legend," we can see that the author breathes in every line. The production was the labor of love and enthusiasm combined. In it the author lived over the delightful experiences of his early home. From the precipitous bank upon which that home was built, he looked out daily upon the silver waters of the winding

Delaware. In the quiet of a summer night he could hear the continuous sound of the "Sawkill Falls." In the long winter evening hours he listened, as only a child can listen, to the stories of Indian warfare. The echoes of the war-whoop and the crack of the rifle seemed to be still ringing in the air. And this might well be so; for then not more than forty years had passed since the close of the war of the Revolution, and Tom Quick himself had died within half that period, and his grave was only a few miles away.

The glowing descriptions of scenery which the "Legend" contains, find abundant confirmation with every passing year. The crowds of visitors and tourists that annually thread these hills and valleys, visit the cascades and waterfalls, and look down from "Utter's Cliff" upon the fertile farms at its base; or with adventurous daring, climb "Hawk's Nest," and thence survey the valley, east and west, of the ancient Minisink, all bear testimony, consciously or unconsciously, to the claim the region had upon the love, the daring, of the aboriginals, and to the reason and reasonableness of the sacrifices which they made of themselves and all they had in its defence.

The exploits of Tom Quick in his relentless warfare upon the Indians have been repeated so long and so often through the valley of the Delaware, that a casual inquiry will frequently bring out some incident or narrative that has come to the knowledge of the person

questioned. Since beginning this article, the writer has spoken to two lads that have brought from among the hills his winter wood, and at the mere mention of Tom, they went on to tell an incident of his life. Near the same time, the colored woodsawyer was asked about Tom. He replied, while his countenance lighted up, and his head shook with pleasing satisfaction, "Oh, yes, I've heard of Tom Quick. I've had a good many stories told me about him."

The stories concerning Tom Quick were collected about thirty-five years ago, and published first in a weekly journal, and then in a duodecimo volume of some two hundred and sixty pages. Its author was James E. Quinlan, of Monticello, Sullivan Co., New York. The collection displays diligent and patient research. Many of the incidents therein recorded, had they been left uncollected until this day, would probably have vanished forever from the memory of man. That volume has been long out of print. I have a copy near me as I write. The narratives in it are unembellished. They are presented, some of them, in appalling detail, and in this respect, lack the literary finish and romance which distinguish the "Legend of the Delaware."

The deadly rifle of Tom Quick robbed many an Indian wigwam of its husband, father, and head, and the tribe of many a brave. Long after what the Indians called "peace times" had come, one and another

of their number continued to fall. An Indian prophet was consulted. He declared that "the missing braves had fallen victims to the rifle of Tom Quick, who yet haunted the forests of the Delaware like an evil spirit." In the council which followed, "a brave, whose only brother had disappeared with the others, sprang to his feet. 'Brothers!' he exclaimed, 'Tom Quick must die. One by one, in the silent forest, he has blasted the noblest of our tribe, as the mighty oak is rent by the forked lightning. Their squaws and their little ones mourn for them, and hunger for the venison which is no longer seen in their lodges. Brothers, ere another moon, I shall go toward the rising sun, and never return till the scalp of our enemy is taken. Must I, the last of my father's sons, seek the war-path alone? I have spoken.' Two other braves volunteered to go with him, and the council broke up."

Leaving their homes on the bank of a Western river, they started on their enterprise. More than a year passed by before they learned where Quick could be found. They had watched from the "season of snow to the season of flowers." "Their friends had listened anxiously for their home-bound footsteps from moon to moon, but they did not return." At last, when these Indian avengers had discovered the object of their search, it was only to fall beneath his unerring rifle or to flee before him. When they thought they had him in their power, he discovered and circumvented them.

Two fell upon the spot, not knowing that their enemy was near them. The other fled, only to bear the sad tidings to his friends at home.

It would fill a volume to recount and comment upon all the achievements of these deadly antagonists.

Tom Quick was not destined to fall by the hand of Indian foes, nor to be successfully captured by white men. The authorities of the general government had, however, often resolved to arrest Tom, and on the death of Muskwink, they made the attempt. They feared that his deeds might bring on another Indian war. During, or about, the holidays that followed Muskwink's death, which took place in the autumn, the arrest was made. Tom was at the time near Carpenter's Point, New York. The officers were to take him to Newton, New Jersey, and there bring him to trial. On their way to Newton, it became known through the country round that Tom had been arrested, and that his life might be the forfeit for the death of Muskwink.

A rescue was immediately resolved on. The course of the officers would lead them past Christopher Decker's tavern. Daniel Van Gorden, who, as we have seen, witnessed the tragic death of Tom's father at the hands of Muskwink and his companions, planned a ruse in the shape of a frolic at the inn. He went through the neighborhood and raised all the neighbors he could, men and women, old and young, and before night set in there was a large and lively company assembled. Shortly after

dark the officers who had Tom in charge, drove up. Tom was in the back part of the sled, bound with cords. Just as they were driving up, the doors of the tavern were thrown open, and all went out to the stoop to greet them. Van Gorden fiddled, and everybody pretended to be glad at Tom's capture. The sled stopped, and all must have something to drink. The bottles and glasses were taken out to the company in the sled. Tom was not only tied, but guarded by men set to watch him. But before he goes off, the neighbors must treat Tom, as well as the rest. While all were drinking, and Van Gorden, to use his own words, stood and sawed his fiddle as hard as he could, to draw off the officers' attention, the neighbors cut the ropes which bound Tom. Tom jumped out of the sled and made for the river. He ran along its eastern shore until he was abreast of the lower end of "Punkey's Island," where he plunged in amid ice and snow, and struggled on until he reached the Pennsylvania side. The officers did not attempt to follow him. The darkness was such they could not see him. Besides, they discovered that the frolic was a ruse, and that they were among Tom Quick's determined friends.

Some say the tavern was kept by Ben Hornbeck, the father of Jacob Hornbeck, now an old man living on his farm at Montague, New Jersey, and grandfather of Jacob Cuddeback Hornbeck, who lives with his father, and who owns the grist-mill near the mouth of the Sawkill, at Milford.

The incident here narrated was given to the writer by old Mrs. Quick, already mentioned. She had it from the lips of her grandfather, who got up the frolic and the rescue, and who was the fiddler of the occasion.

But still Tom was not yet entirely out of danger, The government offered a reward for his capture, and over a hundred men undertook the task. After Tom had crossed the Delaware he hastened to the house of Cornelius DeWitt, a farmer in the neighborhood, and having dried his saturated clothing, and received some refreshment, he withdrew and hid away among the hills. His friend, Jacobus Rosekranz, was, as usual, true to him in this emergency. Once a week, despite the vigilance of those anxious to get the government reward, he visited Punkey's Island. He went there in the silence and darkness of midnight. His friend Rosekranz was in waiting to meet him, to discuss affairs, and to furnish him necessary supplies. Thus once a week for six weeks they met. After a while the public excitement subsided; the current of feelings, always cordial towards Tom, grew deeper and stronger among the settlers; and the "Avenger" returned in peace to the society of his friends. A new illustration was thus given of his versatile resources. He had before proved an overmatch for savage cunning; he now proved too much for civilized vigilance stimulated by cupidity.

Tom Quick, as already remarked, was not destined to fall by the hand of Indian or white man. He died

in peace about five miles from where he was born. It is a matter of tradition but not of fact, that Tom died of that virulent disease, small-pox. His savage foes, when they heard of his death, resolved to secure his dead body and burn it to ashes. In the accomplishment of their purpose, they brought forth from the grave a veritable Samson. The disease of which he had died, it is asserted, inoculated the whole tribe; "so that the dead which he slew in his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Since this last sentence was written, the writer has learned from Mr. Jacob DeWitt, who lives next door to the "Half-Way House," on the Port Jervis road, that his grandfather, Cornelius DeWitt, who was once captured and taken by Indians to Canada, knew Tom Quick well; and that Lodowick DeWitt, Jacob's father, had told him that Tom Quick died in 1796, in a log house owned by Jacobus Rosekranz. That the house stood at the foot of the lane which leaves the Milford and Port Jervis road at "Buttermilk Falls," and on the right or west bank of the Delaware, directly opposite "Sheep Pasture Island," and about fifty yards from the river's edge. The house built afterwards by Mr. Rosekranz, was erected upon the same foundation, and is still there.

Tom was buried not far away, on the farm now owned by William Rose, son of Benjamin H. Rose, and grandson of Frederick Rose. To Frederick Rose his

grand-children have erected a handsome monument of granite, which can be seen from the main road. The plot is enclosed by a solid stone wall. Mr. Rosekranz died some thirty-five years after, and was buried in the same plot with Tom. The simple stone which marked Tom's grave, though uninscribed, is still there, and people in that neighborhood know it well. Mr. Jacob DeWitt says that his father took him to see it often when he was a boy.

The "Maggie" of the "Legend" was, as already stated, the niece of Tom Quick. Gore, with whom she made the pleasant voyage down the stream to Shohola, was not permitted to realize the possible dreams of that romantic journey. Later came another. When Abraham Winfield first saw Margaret Quick, he was a lieutenant in the Continental army. This first interview was the forerunner of a married life of rare enjoyment. Of the eleven children which God gave them, the sixth was Jane, who became the wife of Moses Bross. Lieutenant Winfield, her father, died in 1813, a few months before her eldest son, William, the author of the "Legend," was born.

The old log house, where Abraham and Margaret Winfield spent their later years, was built in what is known as "The Clove," in Montague township, New Jersey, about two miles southeast of Port Jervis, New York. The Winfield family and the Log House are the subject of a separate article in this interesting volume.

It was written by the author for his Chicago paper, the "Tribune," in 1852-3, and twenty years later was republished in the "Port Jervis Gazette." This tribute to the friends and scenes of other years is most touching and delightful. Any extracts or condensation would only mar the beauty of the description. One page is devoted to a picture of "The Old Log House." It, like all the illustrations of the book—save the first, the engraved likeness of the author—is from the gifted pencil of Miss May O. Root, the accomplished daughter of the author's distinguished friend, the well-known musical writer, Dr. Geo. F. Root, of Chicago. The picture, "The Old Log House," is in perfect keeping with the narrative. The reader cannot contemplate it but with deep emotion. So humble a home, and yet the radiating point of such extended and absorbing history!

A person of any measure of sensibility cannot view an ancient dwelling, abandoned and going to decay, without thinking of the many hearts which, through its long history, beat beneath its roof—what hopes and joys thrilled, or what sorrows desolated. And when fancy folds her wings and gives place to veritable history; when history brings to view the ever-changing drama of colonial and border life, and reveals to the inquirer scenes so real and yet so romantic, then every spot which the subjects of her story have trodden, becomes almost sacred. Among such spots, none is so

fraught with interest as the home. If that home be a log-cabin, and especially one which has sheltered beneath its humble roof such a hero and heroine as were Abraham and Margaret Winfield, the interest is intensified, and all the humbleness of the cabin and its surroundings is lost in the effulgence which attends their names.

The tribute which is paid by the author of the "Legend" to this ancient home, and especially to the venerable grandmother who often welcomed him when a boy to its hospitalities, is the outcome of a generous and noble nature. It is vivid with affecting recollections. And the reverent visit to the graves of the dead —graves whose stones, through the lapse of years, had become covered with lichens, which the grandson removed with careful hand, strikes the tenderest chords of the human soul. Of the eleven children of those who there sleep side by side, only two, Catherine and Julia, the eighth and eleventh, we are told, were living when a family gathering of the descendants took place at "Aunt Katy's," near Bedford, Ohio, in 1882. The rest have, like their parents, gone down to the grave. The two survivors live, the one near Lake Erie, the other at Morris, Illinois, in the valley of the Mississippi.

Of that once numerous family, it may be said in the sweet stanza of Mrs. Hemans':

> "They grew in beauty, side by side,
> They filled one home with glee;
> Their graves are severed far and wide,
> By mount, and stream, and sea."

We can well understand the secret of the love which the honored author of the "Legend" cherishes for the valley of the Delaware. Here he was born. Here his ancestors lived and died, and here are their graves. Here he spent his boyhood and early youth, under the eye of beloved parents. Here, in the midst of entrancing natural scenery, all of which is associated with many a delightful adventure, he inhaled health from every breeze, and laid the foundation of a physical constitution which has stood the heavy and constant strain of three score and fifteen years.

Not many miles from the graves of Abraham and Margaret Quick, and within sight of the boyhood home of their grandson, Governor Bross, rises a symmetrical tower from the Presbyterian Church of Milford, and from it every Sabbath a sweet-toned bell sends forth notes of invitation through all the surrounding region to the sanctuary of God. And from the same stately structure a noble clock announces both day and night, and all through the week and year, the passing hours. Upon the bell is this inscription:

MEMORIAL TO

Moses Bross,

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS AND FIRST ELDERS

OF THIS CHURCH.

THE GIFT OF HIS ELDEST SON,

William,

WHO JOINED, AUGUST 29TH, 1832.

Christmas, 1886.

And on the clock is a silver plate bearing these words:

A MEMORIAL TO

Mrs. Jane Winfield Bross,

WIFE OF ELDER MOSES BROSS,
ONE OF THE EIGHT ORIGINAL MEMBERS
OF THIS CHURCH,
FROM HER ELDEST CHILD,
William.

Christmas, 1886.

The inscriptions tell the story of the gifts and the giver. Under the inspiration of these gifts the tower was built. Willing hearts and hands united in carrying the work on to its completion. Its commanding prospect repays the effort. From the windows of the tower the observer looks out upon a scene of beauty, a combination of hill and plain, river, valley, and mountain, which, experienced travellers, and the author of the "Legend" among them, being judges, has no superior within the same compass, in our own or in foreign lands.

On the west may be seen a range of hills crowned with stately forests. Hidden among them, and only a mile away, are the "Sawkill Falls," which are pronounced by tourists more picturesque than even the "Falls of Minnehaha." In the same direction may be seen the imposing structure called "Gray Towers," the summer residence of one who, like the author of the "Legend," cherishes with strong affection the scenes of his child-

hood, and the memories of early years. On the south is the Milford Cemetery, which for beauty of situation excites the admiration of all who visit it. On the east lies "that grand expansion of the Shawangunk mountains which bounds the valley of the Delaware till the river breaks through the Water-Gap, near which the Indians captured Tom and his niece." Through the valley at the foot of this mountain range, winds the lovely Delaware like a thread of silver, pursuing its sinuous course to the sea. On the north may be seen the range of hills continuing from the west, and at the foot of the range is the valley of the Van DeMark, on whose right bank is the spot where Thomas Quick, the first pioneer in this region, and, as has been said, the first settler within the present limits of the Borough of Milford, built his log-cabin, and in 1733 took up his permanent residence.

Thus the tower presents to the tourist a scene of beauty; and to the inquirer after facts connected with the early settlement of the valley lying at his feet, it suggests a history. It must be admitted to be a striking circumstance that this tower should overlook the very spot where the first settler, Thomas Quick, established his home; and that the sound of the bell and clock should be heard through all this valley, not only where Quick's cabin stood, and over the bluff where was the early home of the author of the "Legend," but also far away over the graves of Tom Quick, and of Abraham and Margaret Winfield.

The place where Quick built his cabin is not far from the church. A walk of a quarter of a mile will bring us to it. Its history can be easily traced. It was bought by its present owner, John Hysson, some twenty years ago, from Abraham, a son of Henry Winfield, who was in turn at once the second son and second child of Abraham and Margaret Winfield, and grandson of James Quick, brother of Tom, and hence great-grandson of Thomas Quick, father of Tom and James, and the original owner of the place.

Thomas Quick took the land at the outset under the generally asserted right of continental discovery; and also without the slightest opposition from its Indian proprietors. THIS WAS TOM QUICK'S BIRTHPLACE. Here he grew up to early manhood; and here he lived till his father's tragical death.

Hence when the tourist or the citizen ascends the tower, and reads the inscriptions on the clock and bell, he will see with what propriety they are there; and he will not fail also to perceive that while the tower stands as a monument to the enterprise of its builders, it also stands as an incidental yet real memorial of the enterprise and merits of Thomas Quick and his descendants, who during the era of frontier settlement braved the exposures of the wilderness, and the hostility of savage tribes, that they might prepare the way for the prosperity and happiness of their posterity, and help to lay solid foundations for the enjoyment in America of civil and religious freedom.

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God."

We are glad this monument has been erected. As the completion of a sanctuary of God; as the product of self-denial and liberality; as an index to colonial and revolutionary history; as a symbol of the Christian Faith; we hail it with delight. It has a just, historic, moral, religious object. Let it therefore stand! "Let it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!"

This very afternoon, while engaged in this review of the "Legend," and when drawing near its completion, the writer received a welcome letter from its author. In it he alludes to the clock and bell. His words deserve, and shall have, a place in the conclusion of what has been to the writer, a delightful privilege and labor of love.

"I am grateful," says he, "to my Heavenly Father that I have been able to make the people, among whom my happy boyhood was passed, so acceptable a present. I have simply done my duty to the memory of my ever-honored parents, who gave me so vigorous a physique, and whatever of intellectual success and moral worth, I may be supposed to possess. To them, under the dear Lord, I owe it all."

And now we close. The actors in the scenes described in the "Legend of the Delaware," have passed away. The last of the Lenni Lenape has retreated from the rivers, and streams, and hunting grounds, among the hills and mountains and valleys of the Delaware, and from the graves of their fathers. Not only so. Their nation, as such, has ceased from the unequal struggle waged so long with the white man, and have, one and all, passed to the spirit-land. Soon

> "Oblivion's purple wave
> Will 'whelm their deeds, their names, their memories."

It is, however, stated that, during recent years, some of the descendants of the Lenni Lenape or Delawares have been found in the remote West, and have proved skilful guides to travelers through the intricate passes of the Rocky Mountains. Can it be that these are unconsciously retracing the steps of their ancestors, and seeking the ancient home upon the shores of the "Sunset Sea?"

Despite the tradition which we have related, and which reduces to ashes the hero of the "Legend," Tom Quick sleeps, as does "Maggie," the quiet sleep of the grave. The Delaware, which they loved so well, flows between them. On its opposite banks, but not far apart, they rest. Its waters, in their onward sweep, mingle their murmurs with the sighing of the pines, the hemlocks, and the maples, in solemn requiem above their slumbering dust.

The scalping-knife of the Indian no longer flashes in the light of blazing dwellings; his tomahawk is no longer buried in the heads of hapless victims. The rifle of the exasperated settler breaks not now the stillness of the forest with its startling and deadly crack.

Muskwink, or Modeline, who slew Tom's father, and who in later years fell by the hand of the son; Canope, the last of the ninety and nine that make up the roll of those who similarly perished; and all the nation of the Lenni Lenape, and all the enterprising and imperilled settlers, have now for a century of years ceased from mutual hatred and slaughter, and rested in the repose of death. Upon their known and unknown graves rests at last the calumet of peace. The frauds of the "Walking Purchase," and the treacherous death of Quick, the pioneer, have wrought out their disastrous results, and are no longer felt as factors in the affairs of men. The "Avenger of the Delaware" himself pursues no more, with deadly hate, the track of the red man. Friend and foe, "Avenger" and avenged —

> "Like bubble on fountain,
> Like spray on the river,
> Like shadow on mountain,
> Have passed, and forever."

Before laying aside my pen, it may be added that since this review was begun an announcement has been made that the life of Tom Quick has been dramatized by Judge Allerton of Port Jervis, under the title of

"Tom Quick, the Avenger; or, One Hundred for One," and that the drama will soon be put upon the stage.

The writer would feel that he had failed in his duty to the living and the dead, should he close without saying that Tom Quick's grave deserves a monument, which shall perpetually mark the spot. He was a striking and peculiar figure in the period of colonial history. A monument to his memory would direct the attention of the youth of this and coming generations to that rugged epoch. It would quicken inquiry respecting the causes of alienation between the natives and the settlers. It would show the estimate in which Tom Quick was held by the children of his contemporaries. It would bring anew to view his deeds of daring, and the motives which prompted them. Tom Quick was the protector of his friends, the terror of his foes. His fame traveled westward with the discomfited and retreating tribes. It reached the base of the Rocky Mountains; it passed over them; and it is said that the name of Tom Quick, at this very day, sends a thrill of terror among the Indians who hear it even casually spoken, whether dwelling in the valleys of the great rivers of the West, or upon the shores of the Pacific.

Should such a monument be erected, a long-neglected duty would be discharged. The completion of such a work would furnish an admirable opportunity for historical reminiscence. It would give rise to a careful analysis of the motives which prompted Indian and

settler to deadly strife. The mantle of charity would be thrown over the actors and their deeds, because the light of impartial history would be turned upon them.

For the performance of such a duty, for the fulfillment of such a trust, the writer knows of no one so well qualified, so admirably adapted by personal knowledge, by culture, extended observation, and life-long sympathy with the theme proposed, as the Author of

"THE LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE."

The Terrible Blizzard.

THE TERRIBLE BLIZZARD.

WRITING to a friend in Chicago, Rev. Mr. Gardiner says —

All day and all night long the clock and the bell tell their hourly story. The tones are sweet indeed. During the terrific storm of March 12–13, and in the midnight hours, I wrote the lines which I inclose. They were strictly impromptu. They were born of that tempest. They are in part addressed to the tower and its precious contents. I did not sleep any that dreadful night. I sat in my chair near the fire, while Mrs. Gardiner rested on the sofa near by. I could hear the clock above the roar of the tempest. I was happy indeed to find that the tower had stood the test. Our house yielded somewhat, and I think a little more pressure would have brought it down upon our heads. Yet outside in the cold and driving snow, exposure for an hour, would have proved fatal.

THE IMPERILED TOWER

OF THE MILFORD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

[Impromptu. Written at the parsonage during the unprecedented violence of the midnight storm, March 12–13, 1888.]

BY REV. A. S. GARDINER.

AIR—"*The Star Spangled Banner.*"

I.

"O, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"
For the tempest has howled through the terrible night,
Wild winds far and near have been frightfully screaming.
Yes! it catches the blaze,
Of the morning's first rays,
And this proof of its stanchness most grandly displays!

'Tis the Tower of our Temple! May it ever remain
Encircled with beauty, hill, river, and plain.

II.

'Mid the darkness profound we were strong in our hope
That timber and buttress would hold to each mooring;
For the Clock gave proof hourly of their vigor to cope
With the tempest—in numbers distinctly assuring.

It proclaimed every hour
With its magical power,
Speaking out from the depths of our beautiful Tower.

'Tis the Tower of our Temple! etc.

III.

All through the broad streets not a glimmer was seen
To relieve with its ray the deep gloom most appalling;
Each home seemed to hide 'neath the dark as a screen
From the face of the Storm-King incessantly calling;
But the sonorous swell
Of our musical bell
Repeated, like watchman at midnight, "All's well!"

'Tis the Tower of our Temple! etc.

IV.

But aloft towards the sky with its face to the gale,
Stood the Tower, every sound like a sentinel catching,
Peering out in the darkness, 'mid wind, snow, and hail,
Its framework thus tested, their violence matching.
It stood firm at its post,
While in fury the host
Of these legions embattled swept from mountain to coast.

'Tis the Tower of our Temple! etc.

V.

Long, long, may'st thou stand despite earthquake and storm!
Long, long, may be seen afar lifted on high,
In sunlight, and moonlight, and starlight, thy form!
Long the star on thy summit rival stars in the sky!

And thine arrowy bar
Swayed by winds from afar,
Point truly and always to Bethlehem's Star.

'Tis the Tower of our Temple! etc.

VI.

Yes! Abide where thou standest till the dawn of that day
When the heavens in loud uproar shall to chaos be sweeping;
Then shall soar from thine ashes, like the Phenix, away,
The Truth which through ages shall have been in thy keeping—
The Gospel of Glory
Salvation's glad story,
Rung no more from the Tower then in service grown hoary.

Lo! the Tower of our Temple! it encounters in vain
Wild chaos engulfing hill, river, and plain!